

Fifteen Per Cent—The Lowest Percentage of Alcohol Found in Five Liquid Remedies Tested.

KIDNEY-WORT TABLETS

Mr. Richards, Despondent From Relapses Due to Liquid Kidney Remedies, Amazed When Two Bottles of Kidney-Wort Tablets Cure Him.

Testimonials for liquid kidney remedies, even when honestly given, do not tell the whole story. The temporary stimulations from the large percentage of alcohol such remedies invariably contain is only putting off the evil day.

If every honest endorser of any liquid kidney remedy could be visited some months later, hardly one would be found to have escaped the relapse.

Kidney-Wort Tablets contain no alcohol to cause a set-back. The Tablets positively cure that frequent desire to urinate, pains in the back, swelling of feet and ankles, scalding pain in bladder and rheumatism due to uric acid.

An example of what Kidney-Wort Tablets will do for any sufferer is here given by Mr. A. Richards, the widely known Montreal official of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

"For many years I have been a victim of kidney trouble, which caused me great suffering and mental anxiety. Liquid remedies failed to

cure the distressing and dangerous malady, and day and night I continued to suffer, and was almost convinced that my cure was impossible. In the midst of despondency and physical sufferings I was advised by a friend to use Dr. Fettingill's Kidney-Wort Tablets, and I bless the day they were brought to my attention. I have used two bottles of these marvelous tablets and can truly say that I am perfectly cured. I find that my kidneys have been healed, strengthened and stimulated to healthy action, and working in perfect harmony with other organs. I now feel as well as ever before, and owe my present healthy condition entirely to Kidney-Wort Tablets. I strongly recommend them to all who suffer from any form of kidney trouble."

Let a small quantity of your morning urine stand twenty-four hours before examining it for cloudiness, reddish deposits or high color.

LEO AT ST. PETER'S.

Pen Picture of the Late Pontiff at Mass.

VIVID EFFECT OF HIS PRESENCE

As the Great Pageant Swept On, Mrs. Humphrey Ward Says, the Crowd Sank Down and Their Heads Fell Like Corn Before the Wind—Remarkable Features of the Pope's Chanting.

The following description of Leo XIII., the late pope, from "Eleanor," by Mrs. Humphrey Ward, is published by permission of Harper & Bros.:

A roar came up the church—passionate, indescribable. Lucy held her breath.

There, there he is—the old man! Caught in a great shaft of sunlight striking from south to north across the church and just touching the chapel of the holy sacrament, the pope emerges. The white figure, high above the crowd, sways from side to side; the hand upraised gives the benediction. Fragile, spiritual as is the apparition, the sunbeam refines, subtilizes, spiritualizes, it still more. It hovers like a dream above the vast multitude—surely no living man, but thought, history, faith, taking shape, the passion of many hearts revealed. Up rushes the roar toward the tribunes.

Lucy—the alien and Puritan Lucy—surrenders herself completely. She betrays nothing save by the slightly parted lips and the flutter of the black veil fastened on her breast, but it is as though her whole inner being were dissolving, melting away, in the flame of the moment.

In a proud timidity, as one who feels herself an alien and on sufferance, she hangs again upon the incalculable scene. This is St. Peter's. There is the dome of Michael Angelo, and here, advancing toward her amid the red of the cardinals, the clatter of the guards, the tossing of the flagella, as though looking at her alone—the two waxen fingers raised for her alone—is the white robed, triple crowned pope.

And august, unheeding, the great parent swept on. Close, close to her now! Down sink the crowd upon the chairs. The heads fall like corn before the wind. Lucy is bending too. The papal chair, borne on the shoulders of the guards, is now but a few feet distant. Vaguely she wonders that the old man keeps his balance as he clings with one frail hand to the arm of the chair, rises incessantly and blesses with the other. She catches the very look and meaning of the eyes, the sharp, long line of the closed and toothless jaw. Spirit and specter—embodying the past, bearing the clue to the future.

The pope and his cortege disappeared behind the confession, behind the high altar, and presently Lucy, craning her neck to the right, could see dimly in the farthest distance against the apex and under the chair of St. Peter the chair of Leo XIII. and the white shadow, motionless, erect, within it amid a court of cardinals and diplomats.

One more "moment," however, there was—very different from the great moment of the entry, yet beautiful. The mass is over, and a temporary platform has been erected between the confession and the nave. The pope has been placed upon it and is about to chant the apostolic benediction.

The old man is within thirty feet of Manisty, who sits nearest to the barrier. The red cardinal holding the service book, the group of guards, clergy and high officials, every detail of the pope's gorgeous dress, nay every line of the wrinkled face and fleshless hands, Lucy's eyes command them all. The quivering voice rises into the sudden silence of St. Peter's. Fifty thousand people hush every movement, strain their ears to listen.

Ah, how weak it is! Surely the effort is too great for a frame so enfeebled, so ancient. It should not have been exacted—allowed. Lucy's ears listen painfully for the inevitable break. But no! The pope draws a long sigh—the sign of weakness—"Ah, poveretto!"

says a woman close to Lucy in a transport of pity—then once more attempts the chant—sings again—and sings. Lucy's face softens and glows; her eyes fill with tears. Nothing more touching, more triumphant than this weakness and this perseverance. Fragile, indomitable face beneath the papal crown! Under the eyes of 50,000 people the pope sighs like a child because he is weak and old and the burden of his office is great, but in sighing keeps a perfect simplicity, dignity, courage. Not a trace of stoical concealment, but also not a trace of flinching. He sings to the end, and St. Peter's listens in a tender hush.

Then there seems to be a moment of collapse. The long, straight lips close as though with a snap, the upper jaw protruding; the eyelids drop; the emaciated form sinks upon itself.

But his guards raise the chair, and the pope's trance passes away. He opens his eyes and braces himself for the last effort. Whiter than the gorgeous cape which falls about him, he raises himself, clinging to the chair; he lifts the skeleton fingers of his partly gloved hand; his look searches the crowd.

New Use for Aluminum. Aluminum can now be rolled into sheets so thin that 4,000 laid together measure only an inch in thickness. It is proposed to use these for writing paper where lasting records are desired.

In the printed records of Boston in the Public Library the birth of Ralph Waldo "Emerson" is entered.

OUTDONE BY KANSAS GIRLS.

Student Farm Hands No Match For Them at Shocking Wheat.

Students and others from the eastern cities who went to Kansas to work in the harvest fields are not able in many instances to keep up with the farmers' daughters who help out in the present rush, says a Topeka dispatch to the New York Times.

In Pawnee county the other day six young fellows were laid out by the heat, while four maidens, performing the same service, sang merrily from morning to night. Similar stories came from the other counties. The easterners appear to be rugged and strong, but the change of water and altitude, with the intense heat and burned atmosphere, put them out in short order, while the girls who are acclimated are not disturbed.

Tree Planting on Pike's Peak.

A very interesting experiment and one of great importance to the people of the west will be conducted this summer on Pike's peak, says the Pueblo Chieftain. A party from the United States forestry bureau under charge of one of the government experts will plant a large number of trees on the slopes of Pike's peak and the neighboring mountains. The trees thus planted will not only be of great benefit to the Pike's peak region, but the experiments will be most valuable in solving general problems relating to forestry in the west.

Novel Foot Wear.

Miss May Van Allen brought from England something decidedly original in footwear, appearing at the Casino in Newport the other morning for the first time with morning slippers made of rattlesnake leather, with the heels of French style. In red, says the New York American. The front of the slipper is set off with a dark silver buckle and adds to the design.

TRAIN AND TRACK.

One of the inconveniences of travel on the Siberian railway is that baggage is apt to be stolen even if it has been checked.

In the first half of 1903 five railways in the United States went into the hands of receivers, but they aggregate but seventy-nine miles of track.

In England, where automatic coupling of cars is yet unknown, 150,000 railway employees are killed or injured in ten years in making couplings, as shown by reports of the board of trade. This offsets in a way the mortality for passengers, which is very much smaller than on our railroads.

A TEST OF TELEPATHY.

Stead Tells of Remarkable Experiments in England.

COLLUSION BARRED IN ADVANCE.

Every Precaution, Says Noted Editor, Was Taken So That Telepathists Could Have No Prior Communication—Three Messages Sent From Nottingham to London Without Aid of Wires or Power.

From positive evidence that I have at hand I have to make without qualification the statement that the transmission of long distance messages by direct mental vibration—i. e., telepathy—is an accomplished fact, says William T. Stead in a special cable dispatch from London to the New York American and Journal.

To myself and a committee of other gentlemen the seemingly improbable feat of mental telepathy at great distances was shown to be absolutely possible. Indeed, it was positively proved. It has been demonstrated in a manner that has left none present with the shadow of a doubt in his mind. Every precaution was taken to prevent collusion. Imposition was impossible.

From London to Nottingham is a distance of 125 miles. In Nottingham was Mr. Franks, a telepathist, stationed. In London was another telepathist, Dr. Richardson, who is an American and New Yorker and who had undertaken to receive from Mr. Franks the telepathic messages.

From the hour of 5 o'clock on Thursday afternoon, July 16, Dr. Richardson was kept under observation. It was left to the committee to choose three messages, or more, for that matter, that were to be transmitted by means of telepathy between the men.

At the time that Dr. Richardson was put under observation (5 o'clock in the afternoon) the committee of which I was a member telegraphed to Mr. Franks, and absolutely without Dr. Richardson's cognizance, the three messages that he was to send telepathically to Dr. Richardson.

Following are the messages: The word "Scotland," the number "579," the hour "7:20 p. m."

Between 7 and 8 o'clock, after Dr. Richardson had spent the time in serene mental contemplation, he received faithfully the three messages telepathically to him by Mr. Franks. I repeat that there existed absolutely no chance of his learning what the two numbers and the word were in any other manner than by telepathy.

Experiments were made afterward with three other messages telegraphed by Dr. Richardson to Mr. Franks, and two of these three were correctly transmitted. At the third a certain mental weakness had come over Dr. Richardson, which was only natural under the circumstances, and further exertions were postponed.

This is but the beginning of wireless telegraphy without electricity or electrical machines.

Here let me avoid the personal and add to what I have said the story of what took place, as related by an unprejudiced observer:

"The most astonishing experiments in thought transference were made in the offices of Mr. William T. Stead at the Review of Reviews. A committee of six distinguished men, that included Mr. Stead himself and the noted Dr. Wallace had the matter in charge, and none who witnessed the experiments doubts in the least that what he witnessed was a genuine psychological accomplishment, too marvelous to credit though it might at first have seemed."

"Telepathic messages were successfully transmitted between Nottingham and the Review of Reviews office instantaneously. Nottingham is 125 or more miles from London. Franks was stationed at Nottingham, and was told to expect the messages from the committee by telegraph that he was to transmit back to Richardson telepathically."

"The eminence of the men who formed the committee makes the thought that there was any collusion in the wonderful results subsequently attained absurd. Besides Dr. Richardson, the American, was closely guarded in his room after 5 o'clock. There was no opportunity for a confederate to pass to him what went on in the committee room. As for Franks at Nottingham, he had no possible way of sending information other than the manner in which he did—telepathically."

"The first test was a telepathic transmission from Dr. Richardson to Franks at Nottingham. The committee gave him the number '579.' At 6:34 Dr. Richardson went into an adjoining room. This was done for the purpose of allowing him the solitude necessary for the concentration of his mind."

"Even had he wished to do so there was no possibility of his establishing any normal means of communication with Franks from this room. At 20 minutes of 7 o'clock the committee got an answering telegram from Franks. It read, '579.'"

"Then Mr. Stead's secretary sent by telegraph to Franks three messages—a

time, a number, a name. In the course of an hour Richardson received three telepathic messages from Franks. The first was that of a time, '7:20'; the second was that of a number, '777'; and the third was the name 'Scotland.' "These were the identical things that Mr. Stead's secretary had telegraphed earlier to Franks at Nottingham. The telepathic communications were instantaneous."

"When the test had ended there was not one who had been privileged to witness the extraordinary demonstration who felt himself assailed by the least doubt as to its genuineness."

RIFLE SHOT TROPHIES.

Two New Ones to Be Competed For by National and State Riflemen.

Riflemen, national and state, are taking an extraordinary interest in this year's rifle matches, and it is confidently predicted by those in authority that the present will be a "record" year in all the principal contests, says the New York Tribune.

This impetus to proficiency in marksmanship is due directly and indirectly to United States Senator John F. Dryden of New Jersey, who by his official and personal acts has furnished the country two of the most valuable trophies ever contested for on the rifle range. It was through Mr. Dryden's personal and persistent efforts that the military committees of congress last year agreed to insert a clause in the army appropriation bill authorizing for the first time "a national trophy, medals and other prizes to be provided for and contested for annually . . . by the army and national guard or organized militia of the several states and territories and of the District of Columbia."

This national trophy, coupled with an especially valuable and handsome one which Mr. Dryden recently presented, has naturally aroused a spirit of the keenest interest among those ambitious for honors for the small arm.

The Dryden trophy is to be shot for on the range at Sea Girt, N. J., under the auspices of the New Jersey State Rifle association. It is to be of bronze, 5 feet 7 inches high, mounted on an ebony base eighteen inches high, making a total height of about seven feet. The cost will be about \$3,000. The general design represents a banner bearing on the front a wreath in relief and twenty-five convex disks for the names of the winners of each year. The panel at the top bears the words "Dryden Trophy." The letters themselves will be of 14 carat gold in relief. The figures of the infantryman (on the left) and marine (on the right) will be in full relief. The coat of arms of the state at the top will also be in full relief. The panel at the bottom bearing the inscription will be of bronze. The trophy will be open to teams from the army of the United States, one team from the troops stationed within each of the military departments; United States navy, one team; United States marine corps, one team; national guard or uniformed militia of the several states and territories, including the District of Columbia, one team from each state or territory.

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BOYS DIVED FOR DIMES.

New Christian Endeavor Way of Inducing Newsboys to Bathe.

If any one has an idea that the Christian Endeavorers are sparing with their money those persons would have changed their minds if they had seen how eagerly they throw nickels, dimes, quarters and even half dollars into the north fountain at the courthouse in Denver for the sole purpose of compelling our street newsboys to take a bath, says the Denver Post.

"They have already begun good work," said one bystander.

This sort of new amusement did not fail to attract attention. There were about 150 of Denver's business men in the audience who began to enjoy this new find and soon followed suit. One little fellow who had joined the money seekers came out \$2.94 ahead; another who, besides getting rid of a layer of real estate about half an inch deep, had added \$1.04 to his capital.

PIGEON FED BY LEO IN BED

Picturesque Incident of the Late Pontiff's Illness.

The Rome correspondent of the Berlin Lokalanzeiger wired his paper of a picturesque incident of the illness of Leo XIII. For a long time a pigeon had been in the habit of flying to the window of the pope's bedroom daily to be fed. It grew to know its gentle benefactor and would feed from the pontiff's hand and allow him to stroke its head.

A few days ago it flew to the window. No one came to feed it, and it tapped with its beak until the pontiff ordered the casement opened. Then it flew into the room and perched on the pope's bed. Centra, the valet, was dispatched for bread crumbs, and the pope fed the bird and caressed it. He instructed Centra to see that the bird was fed after his death.

A Dangerous Proposition.

It has been proposed seriously several times to put out the fires of Vesuvius by letting in on them the waters of the Mediterranean. The experiment has been prevented by fear that a gigantic explosion would result which would blow up Italy.

The Sultan's Household.

It is estimated that nearly 20,000 pounds of bread are eaten daily in the sultan of Turkey's household.

Sherry and Gout.

Workmen employed in the warehouses of Jerez, Spain, drink two bottles of sherry a day, and gout and rheumatism are said to be almost unknown among them.

VAGARIES OF WHISTLER

Stories of the American Artist's Eccentricities.

ALWAYS WANTED TO BE UNIQUE.

Once Wanted to Have a Hansom Made of Gorgeous Design—How He Prepared For a Party Breakfast at a Famous Artist's House—One of His Fishing Experiences—Novel Reply to a Millionaire.

Many contradictory traits blended in that strange personality, the late James A. MacNeill Whistler, the eminent American artist, are preserved in the anecdotes which will be known to posterity as the Whistler stories, says the New York Herald.

Whistler was inordinately vain, yet the things which he did were in a measure due to his peculiar philosophy of life. Those who knew him best and liked him maintain that beneath all that he did the painter who gloried in "the gentle art of making enemies" had a sound basis of reason. His leading aptitude was a desire to be unique.

"I'm going over to London," said he once to William M. Chase, "and there I shall have a hansom made. It shall have a white body, yellow wheels, and I'll have it lined with canary colored satin. I'll petition the city to let me carry one lamp on it, and on the lamp there will be a white plume. I shall then be the only one."

One of the affectations of Whistler was his apparent failure to recognize persons with whom he had been on the most friendly terms. An American artist once met the impressionist in Venice, where they spent several months together painting, and he was invited to call on Whistler if he should go to Paris. The painter remembered the invitation. The door of the Paris studio was opened by Whistler himself. A cold stare was the only reply to the visitor's effusive greeting.

"Why, Mr. Whistler," cried the painter, "you surely haven't forgotten those days in Venice when you borrowed my colors and we painted together?"

"I never saw you before in all my life," replied Whistler and slammed the door.

Whistler's habit of forgetting persons or pretending to do so, for nobody ever knew when the lapses of recognition were due to intention or absent-mindedness, often tempted other artists to play pranks upon him. He was a man who resented a joke at his own expense, except on a few occasions, and this trait was often turned to good account.

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"Oh, I say," persisted he, "I think I know something of that game. I'd like to play."

A consultation was held, and the artists shook their heads, inquiring of one another, "Who is he?" Whistler retired crestfallen, and a roar of laughter which rang through the room added to his discomfiture.

"Oh, well," he said, palling nervous at his mustache, and his tone was petulant, "I don't care."

Whatever whim seized James A. MacNeill Whistler he lost little time in following it. His studio in Paris looked out upon a garden on one side, and under one of his windows was a small tank containing goldfish. Whistler rigged tackle from string and a bent pin, and in the course of an hour he had landed every fish. He cooked the spoils and, finding them not at all to his taste, wrapped them up in paper and, after pinning to the packet a note to the owner of the garden that the fish were not fit to eat, threw the package on a path.

Among the anecdotes related about James MacNeill Whistler, the American artist, here is one dealing with a visit Whistler paid Sir Alma Tadema, the famous artist. On the night of his arrival Whistler's host announced that he intended to give a breakfast next morning. "There will be a number of ladies present, Whistler," he said, "and I want you to pull yourself together and look your best."

"All right," said Whistler.

Early the next morning Whistler's voice was heard ringing through the magnificent halls of the Tadema mansion: "Tadema! Tadema! I want you, Tadema!" Thinking nothing less than five, Sir Alma rushed to the room of his guest.

"For heaven's sake, Whistler, what's the matter? You've waked up every one in the house. What is it?"

"Oh, don't get so excited, Tadema," drawled Whistler. "I only wanted to know where you kept the scissors to trim the fringe of cuffs with. Thought you wanted me to pull myself together for the ladies."—Ladies' Home Journal

"A Colorado millionaire who was getting up an art gallery once went to Whistler's studio in the Rue du Bac," said Vance Thompson in his Paris letter to the Saturday Evening Post. "He glanced casually at the pictures on the walls—'symphonies' in rose and gold, in blue and gray, in brown and green."

"How much for the lot?" he asked, with the confidence of one who owns gold mines.

"Four millions," said Whistler.

"What?"

"My posthumous prices," and the painter added, "Good morning."



One on "Old Sol"

This time we have the best of him. He can't create a thirst that Williams' Root Beer won't quench, and best of all, there is fun in the quenching. There's a deliciousness about Williams' Root Beer which appeals to everyone, young or old, rich or poor, sick or well. It satisfies every thirst, and does every stomach good. Whole-somely refreshing, because made of pure roots and herbs, it is an appetizer to even the dyspeptic. It costs only two cents a quart, but is better for you than anything else—even at \$2 a bottle.

WILLIAMS & CARLETON CO., Hartford, Conn., Makers of Williams' Flavouring Extracts.

BORELLI'S COMET.

Garrett P. Serviss Points Out Where New Solar Visitor May Be Seen.

Borelli's comet has been plainly visible to the naked eye for several nights past, and as the moon is later every night the conditions for the visibility of the comet improve, says Garrett P. Serviss, the astronomer, in the New York American.

The comet itself is rapidly brightening, and as it is moving westward and somewhat northward from the cross in Cygnus its position is also favorable for observation. It is nearly overhead about 11 p. m. Earlier in the evening it should be looked for in the northeast.

The naked eye catches sight of it at once on account of its peculiar appearance—that of a hairy star. The nucleus is visible as a bright point, and the haze surrounding it is continually extending.

With an opera glass the denser part of the tail near the head can be distinguished, but a telescope is needed to show the bifurcation of the tail, which is several degrees in length and yet growing as the comet continues its approach to the sun.

The recent discoveries concerning the constitution of matter and the subdivision of atoms lend particular interest to the phenomena connected with this comet.

The tail and other nebulous appendages of comets are probably composed of matter very finely divided and in a highly electrified condition, so that cometary nucleus throwing off these emanations may in some respects be likened to a bit of radium giving off its streams of disintegrated atoms.

The comet will continue to increase in brightness, but it cannot yet be said how bright it will become. It is at present moving rapidly, so that its change of place from night to night is very noticeable. It will be in perihelion about the 21st of August.

FOOD FOR STARVING INDIA.

Secretary Wilson Aids England's Colonial Office With Advice.

"Mix rice with ground peas or beans, and you will have plenty of food for all. Less food will be required and greater strength will result."

This is the recipe of Secretary of Agriculture Wilson at Washington, who has been appealed to for some suggestion of relief for starving India by representatives of England's colonial secretary, says the Philadelphia Press. The practical sense of Secretary Wilson recommended him as a safe adviser.

The secretary did not require extensive scientific investigation. He first prepared a statement showing the nutrition in rice in comparison with wheat, oats, barley, corn, peas and beans. From the reports of the soil in India he was assured that beans and peas can be raised in abundance. Mixed with rice, the result would be a muscle and brain producing food.

NEW TOWER OF DIOGENES.

French Sevres Manufactory to Erect Structure of Porcelain.

There rose above St. Cloud, near Paris, before the war of 1870 a sort of square tower of brick and porcelain called the "Tower of Diogenes." The state manufactory of Sevres, in France, is about to replace this tower—destroyed in one of the campaigns by a porcelain one, says the Chicago Record-Herald.

The design of the original tower has just been handed in for the inspection of the director of fine arts. It will be composed of white, blue, turquoise, rose, coral and emerald green china, 30,000 pieces in all being required for its composition. The decorations will be both from the floral and animal kingdom and will portray the legends of the forest of St. Cloud. From its great height it will overlook Paris.

London Tenements.

Many rooms in London tenement houses are occupied by one family in the day time and another at night.

The Kaffir Ideal.

The ideal of a Kaffir is to have several wives, who work for him while he loafs. The desire to earn the money necessary to buy wives is what makes him keep at work in the South African mines.

Louise Is Now a Countess

Dresden, July 16.—In compliance with her request King George has conferred on the Princess Louise, former Crown Princess of Saxony, the title of Countess Montagu.